THE

POLYANTHOS.

JUNE, 1807.

SULIMAN MELLIMELNI.

TO gratify the curiosity of our readers, we have procured for an embellishment to this number of the Polyanthos an elegant and correct likeness of His Excellency SULIMAN MELLIMELNI, late Ambassadour from the Court of Tunis to the United States.

All we know of the life and character of this personage, was gained from the conversation of a Tunisian gentleman, who was in the suite of His Excellency during his late mission to our government, and can be comprised in few lines: —He is between sixty and seventy years of age; is descended from a family of the *Kul Ugli*, a name given to families of Turkish descent, to distinguish them from the aboriginal inhabitants of Tunis. He is one of the first Lawyers and

ly, the folly of fashion. We love them for their virtues, we admire them for their charms, and we acknowledge their refinement. They give life its zest, they polish and refine. Without them civilization would degenerate, and man become rude and unsocial. The sun of heaven has spots, and woman, the burnisher of existence, has her foibles. Many, too many of those, who were designed for an 'help-meet for man,' by their blind devotion to fashion, destroy his fond hopes of domestick ease and happiness. To be decked in all the tinsel finery of the age, to steal the colours from the rainbow, to imitate the butterfly, and 'to see and be seen,' is the height of their ambition, the zenith of their glory.

Is it not strange that woman, possessing brilliancy of intellect, wit and vivacity, should degrade herself to a level with the painted doll? should think her fine face and symmetry of form were given her but to be gazed at, and her mind valuable only as a mean of displaying them to the greatest advantage? Yet she may plead, in extenuation of her errour, her situation, her education, and the prevalence of a principle, as general as destructive, that that the other sex are more pleased with beauty than merit. She is soon taught that she is handsome; and beauty is generally accompanied by vanity. They are informed that extrinsick and superficial ornaments are more sought and in higher estimation, than the more

substantial excellence of the mind. The conduct of too many, to whom *form* alone has given the appellation of *men*, confirms this opinion. Were men to pay their attention only to the virtuous, gentle, amiable and accomplished female; could merit bear the palm from folly; then should we behold a change in the female world.

But for

'The spruce beau,
'That lean, sweet-scented, and palaverous fool,'

whose senses are wearied in embellishing his own sweet person, there is no excuse. Prostituting the richest boon of heaven, he merits ineffable contempt.

To the man of sense, to the soul of reflection, there cannot be an object of greater pity joined to contempt, than the flippant fop. A compound of affectation and folly, he is 'a whited sepulchre,' varnished without, 'within full of all uncleanliness.' Narcissus, contemplating his shadow in the water, was changed to a daffodil; the fop, whose god is himself, and whose altar is his mirror, should be changed to the insect he most resembles---a butterfly. Good heaven! is this the employment of rational beings? Was man created but to adorn his person? Are sense and reason to be sacrificed to finery of dress? Can the senses of man comprehend nothing beyond the colour of a ribband?

Neatness in dress is commendable. If a fashion be innocent, its adoption may be politick; but health, convenience and utility are blessings too valuable to be immolated to fashion. If we would be independent, let us think for ourselves, let us be directed by principle. He is always an infant, who, from fifteen to fifty, is in fashion's leading-strings. The flattery of a thousand fawning sycophants speaks not so loud as the whispers of an approving conscience. Sensible that the praise of the foolish and vicious is rather to be shunned than sought, let our actions conform to the suggestions of minds free and unbiassed. Thus shall we hold sacred the dignity of our nature, and secure the approbation of the virtuous. J.

May, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MR. EDITOR,

The following Letter was some years ago sent to a young country clergyman (notorious for using hard words) in behalf of his congregation, by a gentleman who accidentally heard one of his sermons. It was published in the Royal American Magazine, 1774; *but I presume will be new to most of your readers.* K.

*To the most Deuteronomical, Paradoxological, Pantophilological Linguist, Mr. *****.*

Sir,

The unanimous and humilimous desiderations, as well of your parochian, as hic et ubiquitarian, semipaganian auditors, beg leave submissively to remonstrate; that although by your spacious proems and spacious introductions, promising great perspicuity in predication, you endeavour to inveigle our affections, in order to indoctrinate our agricolated intellects; yet through the caliginous sublimity of internexed conundrums, tenitruating with obstreperous cadences, you rather obfuscate than illuminate our a b c darian conceptions, so that we generally return not at all edified, but confounded, puzzled, and astonished. We therefore, for our souls' good, (in lone esperance, that your urbanity will not be exasperated at the presentation of these our cordial desires) do from the nadir of our rusticity, almacanterise to the very zenith of your unparalleled sphere of activity, in beseeching your exuberant genius to nutricate our rational appetites with intelligible theology, suitable to our plebeian apprehensions, and to recondite your acroamatical locutions for more scholastick auscultors. For while our first, second and third selves, and our domesticks, all of Ignoramus's offspring, hear you gigantize in lycophronian

and phariginous raptures, in words we never met with in holy writ, as corrolaries, ephemeries, and such other heterogeneal language, without dilucidation of their genuine signification, we lose the whole system of your doctrine in admiration of your eximious erudition. Being therefore under a panick timidity, lest we should see a restauration of the dialect of Babel, and that some sesquipedalian circumforomeous saltimbanco should mount the rostrum, and after your example should in spagirical bombast repuzzle the quintessentials of our ingeniosities with more amalgamations, cohabitations, and fixations, we beg you to call to mind St. Austin's saying ; *mallem ut reprehendant grammatici, quam non intelligant populi ;* I had rather the grammarians should blame, than that the people should not understand me.

And now, egregious sir, we supplicate your clemency not to look upon these lines as derogatory to your most exquisite parts and profound science, for we rather admire such superlative acquisitions ; which however we humbly opine, are most proper to be displayed among learned academicians, than mechanical and agrestuas auditors. And we existunate ourselves abundantly justified in this our humble application by the authority of St. Paul, much greater than that of St. Austin, who says, *If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh, a barbarian ; and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me.*

And thus having copulated our plebeian endeavours, we exasculate the subumbration of your subligacles; and sooner shall the surges of the sandiferous sea ignify and evaporate, than the cone of our duty toward you be in the least unconcatenate or dissolved, always wishing you health and happiness.

A, B, C, D, &c.

THE CASTLE OF DUNSINANE.

The author of the "Statistical account of Scotland," happened, 1772, to take an excursion to Perthshire, and being accidentally led to visit the remains of Dunsinnan castle, took a sketch of them, as they appeared at that time, and collected all the traditions respecting the History of Macbeth, that were current in the neighbourhood. The story purported, that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years in Carnbeddie, in the neighbouring parish of St. Martin's, which the country people call Carnbeth, or Macbeth's Castle, and where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During those times witchcraft was very prevalent in Scotland, and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on each hand of Macbeth, one at Collace, the other not far from Dunsinnan House, at a place called the

Cape.* Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn, applied to them for advice; and, by their counsel, he built a lofty castle, upon the top of an adjoining hill, since called Dunsinnan, which, in the Gaelick language, signifies *the hill of ants*, implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite for collecting the materials of so great a building. It was by nature strong, as well as fortified by art, being partly defended by high outer rocks, and partly surrounded by an outer wall, which enclosed a considerable space of ground, for exercising the men, &c. There was also a fosse, which joined the wall and outer rocks, and a high rampart which environed the whole, and defended the castle, itself large and well fortified. From the top of the hill there is an extensive view of above fifty miles every way, comprehending Fifeshire, the hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Glen-Almond, Crieff, the hills in the neighbourhood of Blair-Athol, and Braemar; Strathmore also, and a great part of Angus, are immediately under view. In short, there could not be a more commanding situation.

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth *the giant*, as the coun-

* The moor where the witches met, which is in the parish of St. Martin's, is yet pointed out by the country people; and there is a stone still preserved, which is called the *Witches' stone*.

try people call him, he marched first towards Dunkeld, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the north. This led him to Birnam wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction, or from some other motive, to ornament their bonnets, or to carry about with them in their hands, the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spy whom Macbeth had stationed to watch their motions. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' prediction, who had warned him to beware "when Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane:" and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted it, and, flying, ran up the the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and was buried at *The lang Man's Grave*,* as it is called, which is still extant.

Such were the traditions in the neighbourhood of Dunsinane Castle, in 1772; and the

* It would be worth while to examine this grave, as some curious facts might be ascertained from it. It is proper to add, that not far from it is the road, where, according to the tradition of the country people, Banquo was murdered.

reader will naturally be struck with the resemblance between them and the celebrated play which Shakespeare founded on the history of Macbeth. There is every reason, indeed, to believe, that our great dramatist was upon the spot himself, and was inspired with such uncommon poetical powers from having viewed the places, where the scenes he drew were supposed to have been transacted. In Guthrie's History of Scotland, it is stated, that, anno 1599, king James desired Elizabeth to send him, in that year, a company of English comedians; with which request she complied; and James gave them a licence to act in his capital, and before his court. "I have great reason," he adds, "to think that the immortal Shakespeare was of the number." And in the "Statistical account of Perth," we are told, that plays were actually exhibited in Perth, only a few miles from Dunsinane, in 1589. It is extremely improbable that the occurrences, as narrated by Shakespeare, and the traditions of the country, could have borne so strong a resemblance, unless he had gathered them upon the spot himself, or employed some other person for that purpose. The only material difference is, that, according to tradition, Macbeth threw himself from the top of a rock; but is was much more poetical, as narrated by Shakespeare, his falling by the hands of Macduff, whom he had so greatly injured.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 9.

Κρεσσον μελπομένω τεῦ ἀχυέμεν, η μάλι λέιχειν.
THEOC.

In the further perusal of the *Village Curate*, we find the author describing Alcanor at his study—

What time he sits
Eager to clothe the new-born thought, and wooes
The maiden Meditation, hard to win,
For terms of apt significance.

He is represented as watching

the progress of the morning sun,
As northward from his equinox he steers—

and

the cautious pace
Of slow returning Spring, e'en from the time
When the first matted apricot unfolds
His tender bloom, till the full orchard glows.

After moralizing on the beauties of May, and mourning to think how soon "the blooming year shall fade," the author proceeds to reason with the "thoughtless stubborn Sceptick," who can

to blind chance ascribe
The scene so wonderful, so fair and good—

and concludes his solemn appeal to the atheist with the following lines—

O tell me not, most subtle disputant,
That I shall die, the wick of life consumed,
And, spite of all my hopes, drop in the grave,
Never to rise again. Will the great God,
Who thus by annual miracle restores
The perished year, and youth and beauty gives,
By resurrection strange, where none was asked,
Leave only man to be the scorn of time
And sport of death? Shall only he one spring,
One hasty summer, and one autumn see,
And then to winter irredeemable
Be doomed, cast out, rejected and despised?
Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy
The melancholy thought. Am I deceived?
So let me be for ever. If I err,
It is an errour sweet and lucrative.
For should not heaven a farther course intend
Than the short race of life, I am at least
Thrice happier than thee, ill-boding fool,
Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly
That I not fear. But I *shall* live again,
And still on that sweet hope shall my soul feed.
A medicine it is, that with a touch
Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,
That makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,
And of her hornet sting so keen disarms
Cruel Adversity——

We next find Alcanor with Julia, Isabel and, Eliza, strolling over the fields and meadows

to follow and admire
The graces infinite of nature.

After contemplating the beauties of the lily of the vale, the sleepy crocus, the starring daisy and the love-sick cowslip, their attention is arrested by the dandelion, which is compared to

A college youth that flashes for a day
All gold; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
Touch'd by the magick hand of some grave bishop,
And all at once, by commutation strange,
Becomes a Reverend Divine. How sleek!
How full of grace! and in that globous wig
So nicely trimmed, unfathomable stores,
No doubt, of erudition most profound:
Each hair is learned, and his awful phiz,
A well-drawn title page, gives large account
Of matters strangely complicate within.
Place the two doctors each by each, my friends.
Which is the better? say. I blame not you,
Ye powdered periwigs, that hardly hide,
With glossy suit, and well-fed paunch to boot,
The understanding lean and beggarly.
But let me tell you, in the pompous globe,
That rounds the dandelion's head, is couched
Divinity most rare. I never pass
But he instructs me with a still discourse,
That more persuades than all the vacant noise

Of pulpit rhetorick ; for vacant 'tis,
And vacant must it be, by vacant heads
Supported.

The various birds that fill the vale with "cheerful sound of woodland harmony," form the next subject of meditation for Alcanor and his attendants. For each of the feathered songsters they find a parallel among the various classes of mankind—

Now we hear
The golden wood-pecker, that like the fool
Laughs loud at nothing. Now the restless pye,
So pert and garrulous. A goſſip she,
And she has been to town to learn the news.
O you shall hear her tell, how being hid
In goody Grabson's beans, she overheard
The tattling dames relate, 'Lord, what d'ye think!
The Parson's to be married—Betty Bounce
Will soon be brought to bed—the 'squire is sick—
Julia has parted with her maid—they say
Eliza paints, and Isabel's a shrew—
More taxes yet—the minister's a fool—
Corn will be cheap—what shall we farmers do?—
My lady Bountiful has had a fit—
Ay, let her die—they say she means to leave
A fortune to the poor—good rest to her soul—
She is no better than she should be—that
'Twixt you and I.'—And so from morn to night
Your scandal-monger prates, and tells you all

The secret springs that actuate the state,
The minister, the people. She can see,
With half an eye, who stands who falls, who rises,
Who little merits, and who best deserves,
And so she murders truth and propagates
The publick lie, extorting many a tear
And many a sigh from wounded innocence.

Observe the glossy raven in the grass,
Making rude courtship to his negro mate.
O he's a flatterer, and in his song,
If such it may be called, her charms recites.
He tells her of her bosom black as jet,
Her taper leg, her penetrating eye,
Her length of beak, her soft and silky wing
Her voice so tunable; then waddles round,
Begins again, and hopes she will be kind.
But all in vain. Alarmed he claps his wing
And flies; she much against her will pursues.

The author follows the Curate through the remainder of his rambles, and thus concludes the second division of his poem:

So have I sung Alcanor and the fair,
Through the slow walk and long beloitered day
Of early summer. Let him read that will;
And blame me not, if in an afternoon
I hardly stray a single mile from home.
It is my humour. Let him speed that will,
And fly like cannon-shot from post to post;

I love to stop, and quit the publick road,
To gain a summit, take a view, or pluck
An unknown blossom. What if I dismount,
Under the pleasant lee, or idly roam
Athwart the pasture, diligent to mark
What passes next?—
I love my liberty; and if I sing,
Will sing to please myself, bound by no rule,
The subject of no law.—I cannot think
The path of excellence is only hit
By servile imitation. In a path
Peculiarly his own, great Handel went,
And justly merits our applause, though not
The Homer of his art. In a new path
Went Shakespeare, nobly launching forth,
And who shall say he has not found perfection,
Though not a Sophocles. Ye shallow wits,
Who bid us coast it in the learned track,
Nor quit the sight of shore, there is in art
A world unknown, whose treasures only he
Shall spy, and well deserve, who proudly scorns
The withered laurel, and exulting steers
Far from the customed way. My slender bark
Perchance has rushed into a boisterous sea,
That soon shall overwhelm her: yet I fear
No storms the furious elements can rouse,
And if I fail, shall deem it noble still
To founder in a brave attempt. Once more

The cheerful breeze sets fair ; we fill our sail
And scud before it. When the critick starts,
And angrily unties his bags of wind,
Then we lay to, and let the blast go by.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
BOULEVARDS AT PARIS.

[*From Holcroft's Travels.*]

The North Boulevards, at Paris, planted with a double row of trees, are thus depicted :

" To go through the catalogue, would be impossible ; it is much too vast. Stalls of dirty books : tressels with toys ; sellers of cakes and canes ; fan-menders, bead-stringers, beggars, quacks, tumblers, and show-booths ; fellows displaying tricks of legerdemain ; venders of miraculous dyes and powders, who dip bits of white ribbon in a liquor that turns them pink ; orators parotting over twopenny systems of geology, and the order of the universe ; teachers of secrets that will enable the buyer to cut glass under water, etch landscapes upon egg-shells, engrave portraits by pricking paper with pins and dusting it with lamp-black ; these, intermingled with the display of milliners, linen-drapers, print-sellers, and a variety of trades, continued through an avenue two miles in length, spacious, enlivened, as I have said, with carria-

ges, and adorned by lofty trees, gardens and hotels, with the gates, or rather, the triumphal arches, of St. Denis and St. Martin, the structure that was the Opera house, these, I say, and thousands of other objects, which no memory can retain, if the reader can arrange and put them together, will form a something that he may imagine to be the Boulevards of Paris.

"What has been said is but a partial and barren abstract of the place. To give a mere table of contents, which, at last, will be very imperfect, to the things already noticed, many others must be added. If contrasted with various of the nations in Europe, the French are an active and industrious people; but compared to the English, they are great idlers; and, for the class of idlers, the Boulevards is one of the principal places of resort. The consequence of this is, that numbers of those who make it their trade to amuse the idle, here take their stations.

"Beginning at la Rue St. Honoré, and proceeding toward the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, after passing the forlorn columns of la Madelaine, we soon arrive at the garden des Capucines. It formerly belonged to a convent, but the garden and the building are now become the mingled abode of idleness and industry. Here, paperhangers, cabinet-makers, and other tradesmen, have their warehouses; while, beside them, are petty tailors, barbers, obscure coffee-houses, and billiard-tables, in rooms that scarcely admit the light of day. These are in the cloisters, where

the secluded used to walk ; and in the rooms, or, if you please, the cells they so lately inhabited.

" In other compartments, are show-men, great and small : Robertson, and his phantasmagoria ; his neighbour, I forget his name, as great a philosopher as himself, who writes hydraulicks, and I know not what other bombastick terms over his door, and intermingles the spouting of water, and the sparkling of gunpowder, to the great astonishment and instruction of the Parisians.

" At a small distance, in the garden, the panorama of Lyons, and that of Toulon, are or were exhibited ; and opposite to this, is the booth of Franconi, who has taught horses to dance almost as miraculously graceful as Mr. Astley himself, and employs his faculties with scarcely less benefit to the publick.

" Between the two, is their ancient rival, Punchinello, accompanied by king Solomon and all his court, or, at least, by something no less pompous in recital. Will you accept a short extract from a handbill which the prime minister of this renowned person distributes at his door ?

' *Punchinello to the Ladies.*

' Here I am, Ladies ! After a trip into the country, you find me again in the garden of the Capucines, near the iron gate that faces the Boulevard Caumartin.

' Wherever you tread, we but follow your traces ;
The hotel's a hut, unadorned by the graces.

Embellished and honoured, our booth we compare
To the seat of the gods, when the ladies are there.

THE LADIES.—Punchinello is gallant!

PUNCHINELLO.—Ladies, I am but the echo of the whole universe.'

"From the fine words of Mr. Punchinello, it would be natural to conclude he was a person of consequence, and had some extraordinary place and apparatus for the display of his feats. I defy the reader to imagine any thing more mean, poverty-struck, and dirty, than him and his whole paraphernalia. It was comick beyond the power of description, yet almost afflicting, to look at and listen to the man who harangued and distributed these bills: he was wretchedness personified. And then!—the passing graces! to whom he thus poetically addressed himself! The ladies, that were to embellish his booth, and render it the abode of the gods! Well, well; he only spoke the language of, and pretended to be no more than the echo of, the universe entire.

"Let it not be imagined that this is a solitary instance of the grace, the gallantry, and the poetry, of Paris; similar and even more extraordinary proofs occur in every corner. They are so numerous, that the difficulty is to select. How does it happen that they so often pass unnoticed? We all walk through the world with our eyes shut or this would be a very instructive book."

ANECDOTE OF A CORNISH BOROUGH.

From the Lounger's Common-Place Book.

A LAUGHABLE story was circulated, during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the publick in various forms. This nobleman with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet, as almost eaten up by his zeal for the house of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word; this sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments, but it was his tendency to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object, the duke, *by well-applied arguments*, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman *he* recommended gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as

forever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, an honest fellow, *as things go*, and who would have thought himself sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke *for his kindness*, and told him "The supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking the moment it is vacant."—"But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."—"The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedom of a contested election, "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he

was visiting, without a wish or a desire of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years. But the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's-inn fields, at the corner of Great Queen-street.

The reader should be informed, that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shewn up stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep; for with a thousand singularities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst

enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour. The porter, settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers.

To his first question, 'Is the duke at home?' the porter replied, 'Yes, and in bed, but has left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly.'—'God forever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman,' cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister so accurately keeping his promise; how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe verily they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them;' repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of ******* was ushered into the duke's bed-chamber.

'Is he dead?' exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the king of Spain, 'Is he dead?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. 'When did he die?'—'the day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a *power of doctors' stuff;* and I hope your

grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him.'

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid, in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of the king's messenger's applying for his son-in-law to succeed the king of Spain : ' Is the man drunk or mad ? Where are your dispatches ?' exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized, at the bed side the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and ' hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law, at the last election at *******.'

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances ; yielding to the irritation, he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes with observing, ' Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relation of his old acquaintance on the throne of his catholick majesty, he advanced him to a post, *not less honourable*, he made him an exciseman.'

SOME PARTICULARS OF

THE LATE MR. DENMAN,

Of the Theatre-Royal Haymarket.

THE vulgar are commonly very positive, thinking themselves possessed of absolute certainty in almost every thing they know. This happens from their weighing their evidences singly, which will naturally produce such effect; for we can judge of weights only by their opposition, because any one thrown in alone, drives down the scale forcibly. But the contemplative use themselves to compare the judgment as well of the sense, as of the understanding. It has been remarked upon the subject of biography, that the lives of persons eminent for learning and literary genius, are more edifying and delightful than the lives of all the military heroes ever written. This remark has been censured, but whoever considers it well, will not join in such censure. Whoever considers the many horribly attendant miseries which conduct to military heroism, will agree that its deeds are neither eminently worthy nor virtuous, when set against what is gone through in the attaining them; and that those very circumstances which constitute its splendour, are, in the eye of reason, its disgrace.

William Denman, the subject of this memoir, was born in Rochester. He was the eldest of

four sons of a most worthy and respectable warrant officer in the Royal Navy, who, after more than forty years service, and being promoted as far as his station admitted, retired upon a pension. Mr. Denman was six years of very early life with his father, and was rated a midshipman with a view to preferment, but the influence of maternal tenderness prevailed against this way of life, and at twelve years of age he went to live with his mother, who was a Cornish woman, at East Looe.

In this obscure town, there was, however, a very good grammar school, kept by Mr. Jonah Binns, a quaker, at which Denman was placed. The master was a scholar, and an excellent instructor, and young Denman profited and learned. He left Looe at the age of fifteen, and was apprenticed to a bookseller at Rochester. His master died before the expiration of the indented time, and he came to London. He was for some time an assistant bookseller. His mind, though not immoderately aspiring or ambitious, could not be contented in so low a life. He felt himself equal to better undertakings, and sought a change. He became usher in an academy at Westminster, where he continued three years. Perhaps there is not a more tedious thing than this among all the lower employments of life, nor for the labour and exercise of which there is so sparing a pay; in which, as it has been finely expressed, there is more exposure to censure, without hope of praise, or more

liability to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect:—where success is without applause, and diligence without reward. "Many kinds have much refuse," and there may be reason for the neglect which certain occupations meet, but it is a misfortune, that with the refuse, what is of worth and value should indiscriminately suffer. The engagement of such a person as an usher was never better described than by Dr. Hall, Bishop of Exeter.

A gentle squire would gladly entertaine,
Into his house some trencher chaplaine,
Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions,
First, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head;
Second, that he do on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt;
Third, that he never change his trencher twice;
Fourth, that he use all comely courtesies;
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and waite;
Last, that he never his young master beat.
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many stripes she would his breech should line;
All these observed, he would contented be,
To give five marks and winter liverie.

There is a restlessness in the minds of those who feel as if they deserved better fortune, which the very wise and worldly maxim observers condemn. A man, (say they) who would relieve himself by indirect means, will find himself in the condition of Esop's ass laden

with salt, which, on his lying down in every river, ran to water, and lightened his burden, but pursuing the same method when laden with sand, it increased his burden and broke his back. Yet, "general maxims are, in the conduct of life, what routine is in certain acts. Situations in each occasionally arise, which require something beyond them." Those who would discourage this restlessness would be wrong, and the others right, provided their changings be accompanied with a proper circumspect determination.

The profession of the stage has much against it: it has publick prejudice, and it is not sanctioned, that is, (if the expression may be allowed) is not a recognised profession: and as long as this *vox et* (in the eye of reason) *preterea nihil*, shall sway, instances will continue rare of those entering into this profession with success.

In the year 1790, Mr. Denman was at a coffee-house, near the theatres, to which players resort, and he caught the infection of wishing to become one. It was upon a Saturday afternoon, a school holiday, and he set off immediately for Kingston, in which town he heard there was a company performing, with whom he had the fortune to engage: and for several years he belonged to certain rambling companies, and underwent the various rounds and turns, and sad and gay viscissitudes, which those people experience. The first regular company he belonged to was at Canterbury, where the

chances in his favour began to assemble. In this neighbourhood he met many acquaintances of his boyish days, and they made him benefits. His name too as an actor acquired respect, and, which is not of less worth, his demeanour and conduct in every other relation also served him. Such an instance as the following it would be a pity to avoid relating: Mr. D. informed Lord ———, one of the members for Rochester, that his benefit night was near. I have not, said his lordship, an extensive acquaintance, therefore may not be able to bring many to the house, but let me have ten tickets, and allow me to pay ten guineas for them. At the end of the summer of 1796, Mr. Denman engaged to perform a season at Newcastle, Edinburgh, &c. but being, upon the retirement of Moody from Drury-Lane, invited to become a member of that theatre, the name of belonging to London so pleased him, that, with very little consideration, he applied to be released from the other engagement, and accepted the invitation. Yet he afterwards lamented the having taken this hasty step, and though again applied to, the following season, thought it best to decline the offer. He then went to Edinburgh, and played there, and at Glasgow, Newcastle, and other towns in that round, for two years. He was afterwards engaged by Mr. Wilkinson of York, in whose company he remained till the year 1803, when he was engaged at the Haymarket, of which theatre he continued a member to the

time of his death; performing intermediately at Brighton, Gosport, and Portsmouth, at all which places he was esteemed and beloved by his acquaintance in private life, and in his professional pursuits supported and successful. At the close of the Haymarket season, last year, Mr. Denman went to Newport in the Isle of Wight, being engaged to play there and at Cowes a few nights, till the Portsmouth theatre should open. He had been troubled for some years with occasional fits of the gout, which of late had gained upon him. After being at Newport a few weeks, he was attacked so severely as to occasion his death, after a confined illness of only two days, and in the fortieth year of his age. To premise what the merits or demerits of an actor are, there are divers kinds of excellence, and the excellence of one kind is superiour to the excellence of another. "Some charm the soul, some only the senses." It was perhaps in the latter kind of acting that Mr. Denman excelled. He was well calculated to appear in comick Irish characters, (whose manners and language he had studied so closely, that he was generally mistaken to be an Irishman) as well as in certain kinds of mimickry, rather than to shine in declamation, and what is justly styled the higher kinds of excellence in acting, he was for instance eminent in John Bull. He was also a fine singer, and his knowledge of musick and language entitled him to approbation in this particular.

A happy genius is the gift of nature. It depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists. It is the peculiar gift of heaven, say the divines. How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none. That nothing can be done without it, all agree. To study and to know our own genius well; to seek to improve, but not force it, are directions, which cannot be too much impressed upon those who would attain to the best acting they may be capable of. This study and knowledge Mr. D. was successful in. I am not, he used to say, an appendage of the waving bough, but I am securely seated in the trunk of the the tree, and it is, perhaps, as much as I have a right to expect. The writer of this article would subjoin a sketch of Mr. Denman's character, as a sort of tribute to the memory of "the lost companion of his youth's gay prime." —He was one of the best men his profession could own. The vice to which players are most liable, it may be, is the vice of insincerity, and it is certain that the habits of a man's profession will mingle with his views, and ways, and methods, and actions; and it may be natural for a player to be obnoxious to the temptation of *acting off*, as well as *on* the stage. The resistance of errours, to which our situations render us particularly liable, is a great conquest. Mr. D. shone in this particular. He was a most sincere friend, and a most honest man; his heart was uncorrupt, and it swayed his conduct; he was a most delightful companion; his conversa-

tion abounded in anecdotes, and was a fund of information. I was, said he, last year at a masquerade; I was much annoyed by a person in the dress of an old farmer; he was extremely troublesome; he spread through the company that I was Dundas, and it caused a great flocking round me. I was obliged to bethink myself how to get from the awkwardness I felt myself under. On a sudden the laugh turned against the farmer, and I was released. It is but fair, I said to the company, that you should hear me in my defence; the matter is thus—our friend here and I will divide it between us, I am dunn'd, and he is the ass.

In 1800, Mr. Denman married a lady of Doncaster, with whom he received a marriage portion; he had an accession of property by the death of one of his brothers, a lieutenant in the navy; and his stage profits were becoming comfortable, and were beginning to prove what may be attained through perseverance and assiduous application.

ANALECTA....No. VIII.

"Undique collatis membris."

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

The education which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of woodland scenery and the sports of the field. Sent

to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenian mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was clothed like other children of the country in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

How much more interesting to the truly sentimental reader (the reader who reflects on what he reads, with a view to extract useful wisdom from it) are the rural exploits of young Henry, amid the craggy rocks of Bigorre and Bearn, than the feats of the plumed hero in the field of battle, or the deportment of the august monarch, surrounded by his courtiers in the Thuilleries or the Louvre!

Hunting was ever the favourite diversion of this monarch. He often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Being on a hunting party one day in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and some time after observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree:—'What are you about there?' said Henry.—'I am sitting here, sir, to see the

king go by.'—'If you have a mind, (answered the monarch) to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him.' The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the gentleman how he should know the king. 'You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered.' The king joins his company, and all the lords salute him:—'Well, (said he to the peasant) which is the king?'—'Faikes, (answered the clown) it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on!'

THE VENERABLE SPORTSMAN.

An ancestor of the celebrated M. Calonne, was remarkable for his attachment to the sports of the field, and for preserving his vigour and strength, both of mind and body, to an advanced period of his life. At the age of eighty-five, he used constantly every day, to take the exercise of riding. A friend, one morning, in the autumn, met him on horseback riding very fast: 'Where are you going in such a hurry this morning?' enquired the gentleman. 'Why, sir,' replied the other facetiously, 'I am riding after my *eighty-fourth* year.'

AN ARTFUL COURTIER.

Louis the Fourteenth playing at back-gammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained si-

lent. The Count de Gramont happened to come in at that instant:—'Decide the matter,' said the king to him. 'Sire,' said the count, 'your majesty is in the wrong.'—'How!' replied the king, 'can you thus decide, without knowing the question?'—'Because,' said the count, 'had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your majesty.'

ITALIAN WOMEN.

The Italian women are not handsome in general,—says the Rev. Martin Sherlock, in one of his letters from Italy—but when they make a conquest they know how to keep it. More perfect than the men in the refinements of dissimulation, they have an apparent frankness in their manner, which deceives even the Italians. Add to this the enchantment of their voices—I am persuaded that the most dangerous of all women is a woman of wit who knows how to sing.

I cannot say that these ladies are remarkable for the steadiness of their attachments either to their husbands or their lovers. But then they say it is not their fault; but the men's. Pray madam, said I to one, how can the ladies of this country permit themselves so many lovers? Why, says she, what would you have us do? Women were born to love, and we take a husband. This husband grows sick of us in a short

time, neglects us, and attaches himself to another woman. I am sure I never thought of a lover till I was convinced I had been wronged. No indeed, sir, I never was guilty of an *infidelity of imagination* towards my husband till I was certain of his baseness. Allow then a little for the frailty of our natures, an inattentive husband, an assiduous lover, a warm climate, an inexperienced head, and a tender heart. Is it easy for us to resist? But see these men.—This lover quits us—we feel a horrid void; it must be filled; we take another lover—and another—and another, for they all forsake us; so that you see it is not we that are to blame, but the men; for there is not one of them knows what it is to be constant;

E la fede degli' amanti
Come l'Araba fenice;
Che vi sia ciascun lo dice,
Dove sia nessun lo sa.

The constancy of lovers is like the Phœnix of Arabia; every body says there is one; nobody knows where it is.

Four verses of Metastasio make a proof for an Italian lady upon any subject whatever; for they enter into her soul by a part where her feelings are exquisite; I mean by her ear. Add then the charm of poetry to the profound logick I have mentioned, and say whether you can blame these poor innocents for an inviolable

attachment to their principles, which are happily comprised in these three lines ;

Molti averne,
Un goderne,
E cangiar spesso.

To have many, *(lovers)*
To enjoy one,
And to change often.

This is little to what other travellers will tell you. I often heard that the women of Naples made very lively attacks upon strangers ; and I remember that a young Frenchman told me, on my arrival there, that the women here ask you to come to make love to them, as they ask you at Paris to dinner ; but you may excuse yourself by saying you are engaged.

DEMETRIUS OF MACEDON

This monarch would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such occasions he usually feigned indisposition. His father, Antigonous, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On his entering, Demetrius said, ' Sir, the fever has now left me.' ' Very like, son,' says Antigonous ; ' perhaps I met it at the door.'

The Emperour, Charles the Fifth, when at Wirtemberg, was desired by some of his offi-

cers to order the bones of Luther to be dug up and burnt. He nobly told them, 'I have now nothing farther to do with Luther. He has henceforth another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not lawful for me to usurp. Know, that I make not war with the dead, but with the living, who still continue to attack me.'

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

WHY, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove;
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
If he *can* fly, oh! bid him fly from me.

AARON HILL.

THIS excellent man told Savage the poet that Lord Bolingbroke was the finest gentleman he had ever seen; and Savage one day paid Aaron Hill the same compliment, when he had occasion to speak of him to the late Dr. Johnson. One of Hill's tragedies concludes thus, with an energy peculiar to its author, and worthy of Dryden himself.

Henceforth let no one say
Thus far, no farther, shall my passions stray;
One crime indulged impels us into more,
And that is fate which was but choice before.

HOSPITALITY.

MAN'S life is short.
Whoe'er is cruel, and to cruel arts
Addicted, all on him, while yet he lives,
Call plagues and curses down, and after death,
Scorn and proverbial mockeries hunt his name.
But the benevolent and just, who treats
The stranger kindly, from his lips obtains
A good report, which others, where he dwells,
With pleasure hear, and further still diffuse.

Cowper's Homer.

THE BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

MR. Cowper has admirably executed his version of this burlesque poem, commonly attributed to Homer. Though some of the moderns dispute its legitimacy, 'several of the ancients,' says Chalmers, 'seem of another opinion, and Statius, who wrote under Domitian, makes no doubt of it.'

The subject of the war is the death of Psycharpax, a mouse, son of Toxartes, who, mounted on the back of Physignathus, a frog, undertook a voyage to his palace, to which he had invited him. On the way, the frog Physignathus suddenly beheld an hydra making toward them,

——At this sight
Down went Physignathus——

and the hapless mouse, after many vain endeavours, was drowned. Physignathus being suspected of having done this designedly, the mice demanded satisfaction, and unanimously declared war against the frogs.

The frogs at length find themselves in imminent danger, and Jupiter interfering, sends them auxiliaries, which are curiously described in the mock-heroick style. Jove's 'smouldering bolt,' dismissed in vain—

— sudden they came. Broad backed
They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-clawed,
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers armed,
Shell-clad, crook-knee'd, protruding far before,
Long hands and horns, with eye-balls in the breast,
Legs quaternion ranged on either side,
And crabs their name. They, seizing by his leg,
His arm, his tail a mouse, cropt it, and snapped
His polished spear. Appalled at such a foe
The miserable mice stood not, but fled
Heartless, discomfited.——And now, the sun
Descending, closed the warfare of a day.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

UNDERNEATH this bending briar,
Interred by neither priest nor friar,
Here, honest Tim, you see,
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep;
Melpomene, thou ne'er canst weep
A worthier cur than he.

No sins had Tim of any sort ;
His virtues might have graced a court ;
He lived Matilda's pride :
And never filled with tears her eye,
Or caused her lovely breast to sigh,
Alas ! but when he died.

THE WIDOWER'S SOLILOQUY.

It is unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires ; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember, that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. The wife we lose by death is no more than a sad and empty object formed by the imagination : to be still devoted to her, is to be in love with an idea. It is a mere chimerical passion, as the deceased has no more to do with this world, than if she had existed before the flood. As we cannot restore what nature has destroyed, it is foolish to be faithful to affliction. Nor is this all—If the woman we marry has the seven qualifications, which every man would wish to find in a wife, beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a sprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction ; yet death's snatching so amiable a wife from our arms, can be no reason for our accusing fate of cruelty, that is, Providence of injustice ; nor can it authorize us to sink into insensibility, and neglect the duties and business

of life. This wife was born to die, and we receive her under the condition of mortality; she is lent but for a term, the limits of which we are not made acquainted with; and when this term is expired, there can be no injustice in taking her back; nor are we to indulge the transports of grief to distraction, but should look for another with the seven qualifications, as it is not good for man to be alone, and as he is, by the Abrahamick covenant, bound to carry on the succession, in a regular way, if it be in his power. Nor is this all—If the woman, adorned with every natural and acquired excellence, is translated from this gloomy planet to some better world, to be a sharer of the divine favour, in that peaceful and happy state which God hath prepared for the virtuous and faithful, must it not be senseless for me to indulge myself in melancholy, and continue a mourner on her account, while she is breathing the balmy air of Paradise, enjoying a full and radiant vision, and beyond description happy!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, though now never acted, and seldom read, contain many passages of uncommon beauty, and frequently whole scenes replete with animated discourse, and sublime touches of poetry. From the Prologue to *The Woman Hater*, says Mr. Seward, as well as a thousand other passages in our authors,

it is very evident that their plays were in the age they lived remarkable for the decency and delicacy of their language; though several of their expressions are now become very gross and apt to give offence to modest ears; but they ought to be judged by the fashion of the age they lived in, not by that which now reigns.

The following conversation between a brother and sister, will serve for a parallel to the dialogue of *Laertes* and *Ophelia*.

Oriana. Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Valore. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the Lady Honoria will be glad
To see me.

Val. Glad to see you? Faith, the lady
Honoria cares for you as she doth for all
Other young ladies; she is glad to see you,
And will show you the privy garden, and tell you
How many gowns the Dutchess had. Marry, if you have
Ever an old uncle, that would be a lord,
Or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder,
Or committed a robbery, and will give
Good store of money to procure his pardon,
Then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see sights
At the Court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see;
You shall see many faces of man's making;

For you shall find very few as God left them :
And you shall see many legs too ;
Amongst the rest you shall behold one pair,
The feet of which were in times past sockless, but are now,
Through the change of time, (that alters all things)
Very strangely become the legs of a Knight
And a Courtier ; another pair you shall see,
That were heir-apparent legs to a glover ;
These legs hope shortly to be honourable ;
When they pass by they will bow, and the mouth
Of these legs will seem to offer you some courtship ;
It will swear, but it will lie ; hear it not !

Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights ?

Val. Sister,
In seriousness, you are yet young and fair ;
A fair young maid, and apt—

Ori. Apt ?

Val. Exceeding apt ;
Apt to be drawn to—

Ori. To what ?

Val. To what you should not be ; 'tis no dispraise ;
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath not power to rule that will ;
For there you shall be wooed in other kinds
Than yet your years have known ;
The chiefest men will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your service, kiss your hand,
Prepare you banquets, mosques, shows, all entice-ments

That Wit and Lust together can devise
To draw a lady from the state of grace.

Woman-Hater, Act 1, *Sc.* 3.

THE resemblance between the two following passages is sufficiently striking to justify the supposition, that Mr. Tobin had the former in his 'mind's eye' when he penned the latter—

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness: thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts: thou swoln cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?

Philaster, Act 2, *sc. last.*

Balthasar. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a consumption! eldest born
Of Death on Famine! Thou anatomy
Of a starved pilchard—
——— Wouldst thou have made me
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through?

Honey Moon, Act 4, *Sc.* 1.

A YOUNG man named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno: on his return home, his father asked him what he had learned: the other replied, "that would hereafter appear." On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

IT is said of the younger Antigonus, that when he was told that his son was slain in battle, he went to look upon the body, but he neither changed colour nor wept. He commended him as a valiant soldier, and ordered him to be buried.

Note. Might not this suggest to Addison the circumstance of Cato's receiving the dead body of his son with this exclamation:

"Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty."

There are, however, several such traits in antiquity: the mother of Brasidas only asked whether her son had died bravely.

A LOVE FOR SOLITUDE AND LEARNING,

Evinced in the Characters of great and noble Personages.

WHEN Philip king of Macedon invited Dionysius the Younger to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father

of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of Prince and Poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to write these trifles?"—"In those hours," answered Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."

THE late Earl of Chatham, was in his youth cornet in a regiment of dragoons, which quartered in a small town in England. He discharged his duty, upon all occasions, with scrupulous attention; but the moment his duty was performed, he retired to solitude the remainder of the day, and employed his hours alone, without visiting or being visited, in reading the most celebrated authors of Rome and Athens. Attacked at an early period of his life by an hereditary gout, which he wished to eradicate, his mode of living was very frugal and abstemious. The feeble state of his health perhaps made him fond of retirement; but it was certainly in solitude that he laid the foundation of that glory which he afterwards acquired.

BRUTUS, the avenger of the violated liberty of Rome, while serving in the army under Pompey, employed among books all the moments he could spare from the duties of his station. The hours which were allotted to the repose of the army, he devoted to reading and writing; and he was even thus employed in the evening preceding the battle of Pharsalia; the celebrated battle by which the empire of the universe

was decided. The army was encamped in a marshy plain; it was the middle of summer, and the heat of the season excessive. The servants who bore the tent of Brutus, did not arrive until a late hour. Being much fatigued he bathed, and towards noon caused his body to be rubbed with oil, while he waited their arrival. Taking some little refreshment, he retired to his tent, and while others were locked in the arms of sleep, or contemplated the event of the ensuing day, he employed himself during the night in drawing a plan from the history of Polybius.

CICERO, who was more sensible of mental pleasures than any other character, says, in his oration for the poet Archias, "Why should I be ashamed to acknowledge pleasures like these, since, for so many years, the enjoyment of them has never prevented me from relieving the wants of others, or deprived me of the courage to attack vice and defend virtue? Who can justly blame, who can censure me, if, while others are pursuing the views of interest, gazing at festal shows and idle ceremonies, exploring new pleasures, engaged in midnight revels, in the distraction of gaming, the madness of intemperance, neither reposing the body nor recreating the mind, I spend the recollective hours in a pleasing review of my past life; in dedicating my time to learning and the muses?"

PLINY the Elder, full of the same spirit, devoted every moment of his life to learning. Some person always read to him during his meals;

and he never travelled without a book and portable writing-desk by his side. He made extracts from every work he read; and, scarcely conceiving himself alone while his faculties were absorbed in sleep, he endeavoured by this diligence to double the duration of his existence.

PLINY the Younger read whenever it was possible, whether riding, walking, sitting, or whenever the subject of his employment afforded him the opportunity; for he made it, indeed, an invariable rule to prefer the discharge of his duty to those occupations which he followed only as an amusement. It was this disposition which so strongly inclined him to solitude and retirement. "Shall I," said he, "never break the chains by which I am withheld? Are they indissoluble? No! I dare not hope for such an event! Every day adds new torments to the former. Scarcely is one duty performed than another is imposed; and the chain of business becomes every day more heavy and oppressive."

SOLITUDE will ultimately render the mind superiour to all the vicissitudes and miseries of life. The man to whose bosom neither riches, nor pleasure, nor grandeur, can convey felicity, may, with a book in his hand, learn to forget his cares under the friendly shade of every tree; and with exquisite delight taste pleasures as lively as they are varied; pleasures pure and ever new. The faculties of the mind regain their pristine strength: and their increasing vigour not only excites the most pleasing sensations,

but presents to his view the attainment of any end he chuses to adopt, of any character he may chuse to acquire. These pleasures increase in proportion to the extent of his capacity, the greatness of his views, and the purity of his intent; and his hopes, however high, are rendered rational by his contempt of flattery, and of the idle pursuits and frivolous amusements of the world.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

GOOD HUMOUR AND PEEVISHNESS.

From Cumberland's Comedy of the "Sailor's Daughter."

Hartshorn...Mrs. Hartshorn.

Mrs. Harts. Sam Hartshorn, Sam Hartshorn! will you hear me, or will you not?

Harts. I do hear you. Every body hears you. Did'nt you observe that deaf old fellow in the shop? I should have held him by the ears this week; you brought him to his hearing with a word. He's cured; I've lost a patient by you, Mrs. Hartshorn.

Mrs. H. How many have you gained by me, Mr. Apothecary? whose business have you stept into? my husband's—poor dear man. Is there any thing in or about this house that I, weak woman as I was, did not bestow on you?

Harts. Yes, there is.

Mrs. H. What is there, I would know ?

Harts. The golden mortar over the door.

Mrs. H. Aye, truly, it has been a golden mortar to you. Why then have you admitted a lodger into my house, without my leave ; and why do you persist in keeping her in it without my liking ?

Harts. Who is it that you do like ?

Mrs. H. Not your Julia Clareville for one. I desire to have no more of her company : none of your Irish misses in my family. I know nothing of her, or her connections.

Harts. Then I'll tell you. Her father, captain Edmund Clareville, was as brave a man as Ireland ever bred. And that is not saying a little for his courage. I was surgeon of his ship for six good years, and saw plenty of sharp service in the time. When his leg was shattered by a ball, I cut it off. It was like cutting my own heart out of my body ; for he died under the knife, though it was as masterly an amputation as ever was performed. He was a friend and a father to me ; and can you think Sam Hartshorn will desert the orphan daughter of his brave old captain ?—no, damme, no ; that scurvy practice never shall be mine.

Mrs. H. So much for your story : but there are more stories than your's ; and some that don't tell to your Miss Julia's credit.

Harts. That may depend upon who has the telling of them.

Mrs. H. She is the talk of the whole place.

All the idle fellows in Bath hover about the house, in hopes to spy her pretty face forsooth at the window.

Harts. Put your own face out and disappoint them.

Mrs. H. No people of fashion countenance her. None of them visit her.

Harts. No, they visit the street. There they get colds and coughs, and then I visit them.

Mrs. H. Aye, you visit! where's the good of that? when my first husband was alive, he knew something. What do you know?—ship-practice.

Harts. Well! that is a practice pretty much in credit. I am not ashamed of it.

Mrs. H. You are ashamed of nothing; I acknowledge that—You are not ashamed of harbouring a miss in my house, to be the gazing stock of the whole city. 'Tis making yourself a mountebank, a show-man. Therefore, as you took your Julia in, I desire you'll turn your Julia out.

Harts. Sorry I can't oblige you.

Mrs. H. Then, if you won't do it, I will.

Harts. Indeed you will not.

Mrs. H. Who'll prevent me?

Harts. Conscience—not your conscience, but mine.

Mrs. H. Oh! what? you've a conscience; have you?

Harts. A tolerable easy one. I have a wife also: I wish I could say as much for her.

Mrs. H. You have a memory, too, I hope, and can recollect what you were when I demeaned myself to marry you—an understrapper in the shop—a whackum to my poor dear husband.

Harts. Take care I'm not a whackum to your poor dear husband's wife. Recollect I carry a cane not only for ornament but use.

Mrs. H. Ah, you sea-monster! do you threaten me?

Harts. No, I hint it to you in time, because that's fair. I have a tolerable good temper, while it lasts; but as it is just now a-going, you had best be gone first.

Mrs. H. Oh, that you would take your own physick, and give me a chance to outlive you! *Exit.*

Harts. Come, come; that's pretty well. Take my own physick!—that's not much amiss. My dame has some wit in her malice, and no want of malice in her wit.

Mandeville and Singleton.

Mand. Friend Tom, friend Singleton, I want to have a little serious talk with you.

Sing. Out with it! and as serious as you please.

Mand. Yes; I didn't come to this giggling place to be merry; I came to meditate. Prythee Tom, didst ever meditate upon matrimony?

Sing. Often; always. Therefore I never undertook it.

Mand. Right. Now I meditate upon it also, but can come to no conclusion.

Sing. No, you will marry first, and come to your conclusion afterwards.

Mand. Would not that be very foolish.

Sing. Not altogether so. If you very much approve of a woman, you may marry; but if you are very much in love with her, you don't know whether you approve of her or not.

Mand. But how if I do not approve of her, and yet am very much in love with her?—there is Louisa Davenant, for instance; I can't approve of her, you know; nobody can approve of her.

Sing. A little volatile, perhaps—a little vain.

Mand. No, she's not vain; there you are out; she's not vain; but she rallies without mercy, prattles without mitigation.

Sing. Come, come, she prattles very pleasantly: has a great deal of wit, and an abundance of good humour.

Mand. Wit! not a grain, not an atom, as I am a living man; no wit—but affectation, vanity, as much as you can afford her.

Sing. I thought you maintained she was not vain.

Mand. That was because you maintained she was. I don't like to hear her found fault with.

Sing. Well then, my good friend, we will say no more of her wit; you are not extravagantly

witty yourself, so we will put that aside, and take for granted you admire her for her talents and accomplishments.

Mand. She has no talents; never could be taught any thing. We are sisters' children; I I have known her from a child. She can't play a tune; no more musick in her than a milestone; but then you know, Tom, I hate musick.

Sing. That's lucky. I hope you don't hate beauty too, for then I think you hardly could like her.

Mand. I like her because she professes so fixt an aversion to me, and seems to hold me in such sovereign contempt. That you know is so amusing, so animating before marriage, and so natural after, that we cannot fail to be good company.—'Sdeath! here she is!

Louisa enters.

Louisa. Cousin Mandeville, I have brought my work, and am come to sit with you.

Mand. Are you indeed?

Louisa. Your apartment is so shady and so sombre. We are burnt out of our lodgings on the hill.

Mand. Yes, you lodge upon the very top of the hill: that may be one reason why I lodge at the bottom of it.

Louisa. Oh you odious creature! why don't you set chairs for us?

Sing. None for me. I never make a third in such parties. I am for the pump-room. (*exit.*

Mand. There! he's for the pump-room. Are you not for going there too? if you are don't mind me.

Louisa. (sits down.) Well, I dont mind you. But I am weary, and here I can rest both body and mind at the same time.

Mand. And couldn't you have done that at home? I wonder, cousin Louisa, you don't try how comfortable it is to sit still and be quiet.

Louisa, I am trying it just now. When I want nothing else but to do nothing, and to think of nothing, you see I come to you; when I would seek pleasure and amusement, why then, cousin John, I go elsewhere.

Mand. Thank you; I am obliged to you. You are quiet here, I confess; perfectly still and quiet. You certainly are in no danger tête-a-tête with me.

Louisa. None in life. I bless the fates, cousin John, I can rub on as I am for some time to come yet.

Mand. Yes, yes, you can rub on very well as you are. You know you are not dying for me, and I am quite convinced I can live without you.

Louisa. Very true. We can live tolerably well asunder: I am far from sure we could live so well together.

Mand. No, no. Perfect happiness is not the lot of mortals. If we live single, you see we have cares; if we marry—

Louisa. Heavens! how they are multiplied! —pick up my thread-paper. Don't you see I have dropt it?

Mand. Yes, but don't drop it any more. I hate trouble.

Louisa. Then you must never marry. That is nothing else but trouble without termination.

Mand. And yet, Louisa, I cannot tell how it is, you seem to have fewer of those positives, that give trouble, and more of the negatives that prevent it, than any body I am acquainted with.

Louisa. Oh, yes; I have negatives in plenty, and for all occasions.

Mand. I don't doubt it; and if you was called upon just now, you have one in readiness.

Louisa. At your service—one, and only one; for should you be importunate, and put me to repeat it, you know what two negatives make, and will interpret accordingly.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Too much preciseness and solemnity in pronouncing what one says in common conversation, as if he were preaching, is generally taken for an indication of self-conceit.

MAKE your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men despise what they can easily have.

NOTHING is more unmannerly than to reflect on any man's profession, sect, or natural infirmity. He who stirs up against himself another's self-love, provokes the strongest passion in human nature.

THERE is hardly any bodily blemish, which a winning behaviour will not conceal, or make tolerable; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform.

BENEVOLENCE is the light and joy of a good mind: 'it is better to give than to receive.'

DESPISE not the meanest of mankind: a wasp may sting a giant.

A MODEST man feels his own superiority; a proud man makes others feel it.

USE to-day; to-morrow may never come.

WHEN mankind are in an humour to be captious, moral writings, in the gross, are liable to their censure. The most formidable of all dreads to writers, who rest not contented with the testimony of a clear conscience, is a *laboured, shivering* kind of *charitable* praise, intended to communicate a sort of *mental ague* to the soaring mind.

POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

COLLINA's PORTRAIT.

Mum ! Mum ! for a Plumb...*Nursery Tales.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR

IT is obvious that the enclosed Portrait was never designed for the publick eye, but is one of those careless sallies of fancy calculated to amuse the domestick circle. I received a copy some weeks since from a young lady in West-Boston with the most positive injunction of *secrecy*; indeed I scarcely dared to re-peruse it until I had double locked my office door, and the Watchman had bellowed "past twelve o'clock." But my fair friend, like Betty in the Clandestine Marriage, has, it seems, thought "that a great secret is a great plague if a body may not mention it to four or five of one's particular friends," and has communicated a dozen other copies to a dozen other confidants. Now as she has found it prudent to procure thirteen friends to aid her in keeping the secret, she will not think it hard that I find it necessary to seek *one*. I must therefore request you to assist me in keeping the

momentous secret by publishing 'Collina's Portrait,' in the most private part of your Polyanthos.

NYSUS EURYALUS ACHATES.

Near Pemberton's Hill.

N. B. The Editor complies cheerfully with his correspondent's request, and beseeches his fair readers not to mention the subject to any except 'particular friends,' and not without the strongest injunction of secrecy.

PROEM.

IN mountain land, one stormy day,
A poet who both sylph and fay,
And city belle did oft portray,
In youthful folly sporting;
But sober age had chilled his powers,
No more he gathered love's gay flowers,
Or sung the bliss of frolick hours,
He left them with his courting.

His lovely wife, his girls and boys,
Were now the theme of all his joys;
Sonnets and odes to him were toys,
The toys of youthful Poet;
When fiercer blew the bleak north-west,
He clasped his prattlers to his breast,
Nor wanted rhyme to make him blest;
Ah! rhyme could never do it;

For verse is but the poet's dream,
Mere fancy paints the mimick scene.

'Tis all ideal, all I ween
But tricksy art and sporting;
And madrigals, and songs, and odes,
Smart eulogies, and grave eclogues,
Are but the lures of loving rogues
To catch girls hearts in courting.

In sweet domestick scenes he found
More rapture than on classick ground,
Where Poets prate of bliss unsound,
In airy castles built on;
While desks, chairs, floors, were heaped with toys,
And all were pranking girls and boys,
He vowed the urchins' gamesome noise
Surpassed the strains of Milton.

As by his social fire he sat,
Musing awhile on this and that,
Or cheering life with harmless chat,
And never dreamed of rhyming;
In rushed in haste a rustick maid,
And claimed a promise, which she said
The Poet years ago had made,
To set his muse a chiming.

Now hear the sober Bard reply:
'Beauty I never could deny;
The grey-haired muse once more shall try
To cut a boyish caper;
Then come, sit down, with sober grace

Correct your air, compose your face,
While I with Poet's pencil trace
Your *likeness* on this paper.'

THE PORTRAIT.

Oval face, and auburn hair,
Grecian nose, complexion fair,
Bright hazle eyes, which might compare
With stars *in verse* for brightness,
Rosy cheeks, and queen Ann's chin,
Neck of grace, and lips not thin,
Mouth that 's small, the teeth within
Shame milk itself for whiteness.

In person, neither short nor tall,
What the French *em bon point* call,
Shape which might grace a city ball;
O, could she there be dancing!
How down the country dance she'd go,
And 'trip it with fantastick toe,'
To 'maze some pretty Boston beau,
And set his heart a prancing.

Shape so straight and jaunty air,
Skin that's something more than fair,
Step that's ever debonnair,
Arms which would grace a sceptre;
Taper fingers, fairy feet,
In attire and person neat,

A tongue which can a secret keep
When blushes don't detect her.

And now the proud muse far superiour,
Views the poor limner's art inferiour,
Who only paints the mere exteriour,
The very husk of beauty;
With magick pencil *she* can trace
The mind which animates that face,
And gives her form that witching grace,
Which makes our praise our duty.

A mind informed a conscience clear,
Desires composed, a heart sincere,
A judgment which some future year
Will blossom most divinely;
On what bright colours shall I hit
To paint the flashings of her wit,
I seize the lightning's gleam—for it
Alone can flash so finely.

memory copiously stored
From learning's richest treasured hoard,
And, what is much to be deplored,
With novels, plays, romances;
For ah! the youthful heart's too apt
To be with such vain mummery trapped,
And find its better judgment sapped
With such like idle fancies.

Skilled in the prudent housewife's art,
The cake to bake, or raise the tart,

And to the muslin pure impart
Gay form of cap or bonnet.
Industrious through the sober day
Except when fancy points the way
To where the idle muses play,
With eulogy and sonnet.

O could I paint her future lot—
But here the anxious muse must stop,
And let her baffled pencil drop,
Nor sketch her life's blank sequel;
Thus much we know—that in life's morn,
For genius, taste, for face and form,
And all which can the fair adorn,
We've seldom seen her equal.

And now, sweet girl, your portrait view;
Say, have I sketched with pencil true,
And will the picture pass for you?
Or does it fail in brightness?
If so, I wish for your loved sake,
Hymen may give you some fond mate,
Who in some happier hour may make
Of you a better likeness.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

EPIGRAM.

SOME women are like books, whose outward show
Of red and gold attracts the learned beau;
But which, when opened, disappoint the sight
With *blotted* paper, or, at best, 'tis *white*.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MR. EDITOR,

The following tribute to the memory of a lovely young lady is worthy a place in the Polyanthos. By inserting it you will gratify your constant correspondent, L . . .

Boston, June 4.

WHERE now are all thy varied beauties fled,
Thou fairest, 'loveliest village* of the plain!'
Thy flowerets withered and their fragrance sped,
Of all thy once loved charms how few remain!

Thy beauteous stream, in icy fetters bound,
No longer laves its rich luxuriant side;
Thy lofty locusts bloom no more around,
In native grandeur and majestick pride.

But these with greater pomp shall soon resume
Their absent beauties and their native charms;
Not so the fixed unalterable doom
That snatched thy much loved ANNA from thy arms.

Too soon, alas! in new-born verdure drest,
Thy many beauteous walks, thy shady grove,
Will have to mourn their long-lost favourite guest,
Forever lost to Friendship and to love.

No more, to greet the glad returning day,
In Nature's charms by Nature's self arrayed,

* *Taunton.*

In pensive innocence, she'll mark her way,
Along thy blooming paths where oft she strayed.
No more she'll seek thy cooling fond retreat,
Fragrant, and rich with various flowerets drest,
Where once her presence made the sweet more sweet,
And blest the flower she culled to deck her breast.
And ah! no more, her last, least favoured friend,
Shall I with her in pleasing converse rove;
No more, her name to carve, the bark shall rend,
Nor strive to please her as I oft have strove.
But though no more her much loved form appear
To please her honoured parents' anxious care;
Her virtues, still to faithful memory dear,
Shall ever flourish with each village fair.
Endeared village! peace through all thy plains,
And peace to thy departed ANNA's shade;
Green be the turf, that marks her dear remains,
Let no rude step the hallowed spot invade.
And when by fond, by kind endearment led,
Her late associates truly, justly dear,
Move round her grave with timid, solemn tread,
Each floweret there shall swell the rising tear.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

EPIGRAM.

'WHAT pity 'tis,' cries Crabtree in a rage,
'So much is squandered to support the stage!

To feed an idle, useless, worthless race,
Who else might aid the state, and not disgrace.'
'Nay,' Charles replies, 'no evils *we* create;
We choose the *refuse* only of the state;
Such as, from want of worth or want of wit,
For every *other* station are unfit;
'Tis such as these compose the *Boston corps*,*
Who must be FED, as 'players' or---'the poor.'"

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A REASONABLE GIRL.

From the French.

PAPA forbids my loving more
The gentle, modest Theodore;
Yet often says, the precept given,
'To love my neighbour,' came from heaven;—
And must not Theodore be one?
I'm sure his house adjoins our own.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

INSCRIPTION.

From the French.

ON yon smooth surface dare not tarry,
By Winter's icy breath congealed!

* *This remark is undoubtedly applicable to the* corps, en masse; *but we must in justice say, there are one or two individual exceptions.*

Pass on, with footsteps light and wary---
Beneath you Danger lies concealed.

Thus lightly tread where Pleasure, smiling,
Decoys you on her slippery way ;
Beneath a surface so beguiling
Grim Ruin waits to seize his prey.

PUBLICK AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICAL.

THE Theatres of Boston, New-York, Philadelphia and Charleston are closed for the summer, and their respective corps are dispersed in various directions and pursuits. Messrs. Bernard and Caulfield are on a tour through the eastern parts of Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, endeavouring to amuse our eastern neighbours with "*Recitation, Song, and Imitation.*"—At Salem they made application for permission to perform, which was not granted.

The only regular company of comedians, of whom we have any knowledge, is at Providence, under the management of Mr. Bates. It consists of Messrs. Bates, Darley, Dykes, Clarke, Young, Usher, West, Hayman. Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Harper, &c. Master Burke, well known as a member of the Milk-street spouting-club, has also joined this company.

CONCERT.

On the evening of the 1st of June, Mrs. Oldmixon gave a concert at the Boston Theatre, which reflects no less credit on her talents as an elegant and scientifick singer, than on her taste in the selection of pieces. Much of the musick, however, was 'caviare to the multitude.' The audience were highly gratified, not only with the performances of Mrs. Oldmixon, but with the efforts of those who assisted her, particularly of Mrs. Graupner and Mr. Caulfield. It is hoped the managers of the theatre will not leave the name of Mrs. G. off of the roll of their company another season, when there is such a palpable deficiency in the department of femal singers. She would have been an invaluabl acquisition last winter, when the publick were compelled to listen night after night to the 'childish treble' of Mrs. Poe, who has never before ranked higher than a third or fourth rate singer.—If Mr. Vining will always sing as he gave *The Willow* this evening, he may expect to gain a large share of publick favour.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

THE new building prepared for the Columbian Museum was opened on the first of June, and has been the resort of considerable company. To add to its attractions, the proprieors have engaged Mr. Vining of the theatre s a singer.

CALEB STRONG ESQR. L.L.D.